Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.
Dut. Ah, ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which greeues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I
Then, being but motitie of my ſelfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you weept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Ambo.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for ou
Dut. Alas for both, both mine E
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edwar*
Ambo. What ſtay had we but *Cl*
Dut. What ſtay had I but they,
Qu. Was neuer widow, had ſo d
Ambo. Was euer Orhpanes had
Dut. Was euer mother had a dea
Alas, I am the mother of theſe mo
Their woes are parceld, mine are g
She for *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth not
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weepe, an
I for an *Edward* weepe, and ſo do th
Alas, you three on me three-fould
Powre all your teares, I am your ſo
And I will pamper it with lamentat
Glo. Madame haue comfort, all o
To waile the dimming of our ſhini
But none can cure their harmes by
Madame my mother, I doe cry yo
I did not ſee your Grace, humbly
I craue you bleſſing,
Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put me
Loue, charitie, obedience, and tru
Glo. Amen, make me die a good
Thats the butt end of my mothers
I marueil why her grace did leaue i
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and h
That beare this mutuall heauie loa
Now cheare each other, in each oth
Though we haue ſpent our harueſ
We are to reape the harueſt of his
The broken rancour of your high
But lately ſplinted, knit, and ioynd
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, cheriſht,
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome li
Forthwith from Ludlow the young
Hither to London, to be crownd

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